

# RESTORATION

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## A CONTROVERSY RAGES IN THE CATHOLIC MAGAZINES, SO -- THE EDITORS OF RESTORATION HURL THEMSELVES INTO IT

### "We're Afraid To Speak of Christ"

by Catherine De Hueck

It is with a strange feeling of pain that I begin this article. For pain and love are inseparable in this world. And I love, with a great, and burning love, all things Catholic. Because in and on all of them lies the shadow of God's Face and His grace, in varying tones and degrees.

Yet both love and pain are great teachers and great clarifiers. They make one see deep and well. Also there is in most things Catholic much of man, even though God in one manner or another is within them.

Therefore, in approaching my subject, I want to qualify it at once as being directed to the human elements involved, desiring with a great desire to write whatever I have to write for the greater glory of God and His Church.

It is now over twenty years that I have been a contributor to the Catholic Press in America. More since I began constantly and thoroughly to read Catholic magazines and diocesan papers, and books published in this country.

Frankly at the moment, I cannot think of a more timely topic of discussion than *The Catholic Press in America*. For to-day is the day of decision. National. Collective. Personal. Individual. Humanity and the world with it, must choose not only between Christ and the World -- that choice is always with us unto the end of time but between Christ and Anti-Christ. And that is a vital choice. A choice that will either bring the world to God, and through Him to justice, peace, and love ... or hurl it into such chaos, as may well end the world itself and life on it, not to mention the greater tragedy of a complete loss of millions of precious souls.

#### Time of Decision

In these crucial times of decision, America stands a beacon of light and hope to the rest of the world. And in America, Catholics are being called by destiny to lead all men to Christ.

Many are the mediums through which this exultant task can be accomplished. But none so vital, so important, as the written word of Truth. The Catholic Press in America is being called, as never before, to straighten the ways of the Lord in the hearts of men. To dispel the darkness of doubt and uncertainty in which men live today. To bring fire, and with it light into this darkness. To arouse her own to a new vision of their great apostolate, to feed the hungry multitudes with the Bread of Truth and the Living Waters of Christ's teachings. For they alone can guide humanity, in this their final choice.

But is the Catholic Press of America at large aware of its role? Has it arisen from its long lethargic sleep? And girding its loins sailed forth into the thick of the battle, reaching out to all? Answering all the questions most everyone is asking? With the ring of authority in its voice? Authority and certainty? Erecting sign posts for the road ahead, feeding the hunger of men lost in the twilight of a civilization that has come to the end of its existence, and does not know the next step ... the next turn to take!

With sorrow I have to answer for myself, that the Catholic Press of America by and large, with a few exceptions, is doing none of these things. Still hiding behind the ramparts of a siege mentality, developed with the rise of Pro-

testantism, it is content to remain in its warm and pleasant mediocrity. Content to keep on denouncing Negatively new sins and old, in a language that is almost foreign to the modern world!

#### A Negative Voice?

To give but a few examples. The Catholic Press unanimously denounces Communism. But to the man in the street, both Catholic and non-Catholic alike, this does not sound convincing or complete. For Communism thrives only on injustice, greed, selfishness and chaos. And these he sees all around himself in the capitalistic society of America. But these are not denounced. Nor is Nazism or Fascism that still rears its ugly head in our fair land as well as outside it. So this Negative Approach and Denunciation of Communism Only, irritates, and certainly does not convince, the man in the street.

And yet there is the whole Program of Christian Social Reconstruction to give to the masses who hunger for it. How easy it would be to say to them in every way that is open to creative writers--*The Dynamite of Christianity Can Outdynamite All The Dynamite of Communism, Fascism and Capitalism Sky High ... It Is The Truth ... It Is The Fulness Thereof. It Will Make Men Free ... It Is God.*

Oh! the width, the depth, the height and breadth of the teachings of the Gospel! Always new, always answering the eternal search of men for the Kingdom of God ... One gets almost dizzy at the prospect of this stream of Truth, entering, washing away the grime of centuries from the hearts, minds and souls of men! Words of fire and flame would come easily to the lips and pens of men endowed by God with the talent of expression ... if what they wrote were published where it belongs ... In *The Catholic Press of America ... Published Without Fear ... Without Prudence ... The Prudence of Man ... Published Only With The Prudence of God, Which Is Foolishness In Men's Eyes.*

Consider Mr. Joe Doe and his wife. A Catholic working family. Living amidst Catholic and non-Catholic neighbors like themselves. Working with them. Meeting them daily in the street, the factory, the shop, the home, the market place. Wherever men meet they talk. And conversations today are much the same in the halls of government, the homes of the rich, and of the poor. What of tomorrow? Unrest, insecurity, fear dominates everyone. All seek answers. Are they getting them?

Is Mr. John Doe and his wife getting them from their diocesan papers? From the little mission magazines they subscribed to, because the missionary priest who urged them to subscribe, was eager and young? Are the better Catholic magazines put within their reach? And if they are, is their language one they can and will understand? Are the Glad Tidings given to them in that simple, dramatic language of Christ that All Men understand? Are they given so clearly that they will help John Doe to answer his ignorant neighbors?

Or is John Doe given a stone instead of bread, or trivia like unto pebbles? Are God and His warm truths, so full of love and understanding, presented always

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ST THOMAS-MORE



### On The Credit Side

(By W. C. Dwyer)

The boy and the girl spoke their undying love one for the other.

She was a wholesome, bright-eyed country girl who had completed her education in the parish school and diocesan academy.

He was a young man from a neighboring farm. Handsome broad shouldered and alert. He had had the privilege of graduating from college with a degree. He had a great joy in manual labor and he knew what he wanted.

You are wondering and conjecturing about their intentions of remaining in the country where, you think, it is all work and no play. One thing is certain; they wish to spend their lives doing that kind of work which gives them the greatest assurance of happiness. They want to be free, unhampered, in the things necessary for human happiness; but they have not lost sight of their duty towards society. They know quite well that their personal happiness could not endure in the midst of community bitterness and sorrow. They intend to share their joy with others.

Wedding bells will be ringing soon. The overtones will sing of congratulation and joy, but the basic notes will sound a guarantee of provision for the coming family, of all the fundamentals of a full and upright living.

This would not be possible unless the young couple had control over the source, from

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### Catholic Writers Can't Eat Thanks

By Eddie Doherty

You ask: "Why aren't there more Catholic writers in the secular field, and in the Catholic field?"

I wonder exactly what you mean by "Catholic writers." Do you mean Catholic men and women who write for a living? If you do, I venture to say there are quite a lot of them in the secular field.

If you mean men and women who write of Catholic themes for the secular press, or who put priests or nuns or miracles into their stories, the answer is that they are extremely skillful writers --and there will always be only a few of them.

The secular press is not exactly anti-Catholic. It is non-Catholic. It is "non-denominational." It will not accept a purely Catholic story --unless it is superbly written and of such a nature that the editor feels he MUST buy it. The editors realize that only a small percentage of the readers are Catholic. They realize too that the great majority of their readers are non-Catholics, and that some are rabidly anti-Catholic.

I once wrote a story for a popular magazine in which one of my characters called on Christ for help. The editor changed that. The character called on God. My friend explained, in a little note, that many people do not believe in Christ, and many who do believe in Him do not believe in His divinity; whereas most people do believe in some sort of God, or --at least--would not take offense at the idea of a man's calling on God for help.

#### Secular Way Barred

The secular newspapers and magazines have one goal. To make money. If they are good publications they will make money. If they are not, they will lose their entire investment. The secular idea of a good publication is one that interests its readers. The idea of interesting its readers has nothing to do with religion; for, while a religious article or story will interest some readers, it is bound to antagonize many. Eventually it will destroy a magazine or a newspaper--give it the reputation of a "religious rag."

Newspapers and magazines reflect--and not through accident--the attitude of the people. It is sad to say that America is not interested in religion. Half of our 140,000,000 people know nothing of God, and are not interested in finding out about Him. More than 100,000,000 know nothing about the Catholic church--and are content to remain in that condition.

Now your bright young Catholic man or woman writer comes into the secular field--to make a name, to make a lot of money, or to spread the Word across the nation. And finds the way is barred.

He can write of Christian principles, of course. But not of Catholic principles. He can write of ministers--of whom he knows little. He cannot write of priests --not unless he is a genius such as Chesterton. He is hemmed in, circumscribed, beset with Don'ts. What little Catholic truths he can set down, are watered with the name "Christian." True, the good are always rewarded, the bad always punished; virtue is always praised, and vice and crime are forever labeled evil. But this is "common sense," and nothing else. This is a form of "art"--the art of the American short story or novel.

"Paint our villains black, very

black," one editor told me, "and your hero and heroine white. But not too white."

You see, virtue--real virtue --borders on the namby-pamby for the average secular magazine. It is all right, even expected, for an author to give his hero some minor vices, some little weaknesses, some popular sins. He can be a periodic drunk. He can blaspheme, now and then, in moments of great stress, of course. He can be a liar. He can be a lecher. He can be anything but a saint. Oh, it is o. k. for him to say a prayer, now and then. But usually he prefaces it with some such remark as, "Lord, you know I ain't much of a praying man, but--"

Your heroine can be a divorced woman, a flirt, or a model of all the virtues--providing we do not find her too often on her knees.

I think that explains why there are not more Catholic writers in the secular field than there are.

#### Converts May Talk God

Another reason, which might be given serious attention, is that the average Catholic writer takes his religion for granted. He sees no reason for writing about it--any more than he sees a reason for talking about it in public. It is something personal to him, something private, something to be cherished in secret--if it be cherished at all. The beauty, the grandeur, the warmth, the drama, the color, the scope of the Catholic religion escape him. It is the convert, or the stranger, who is shocked into ecstasy by the infinite majesty and humanness of the Church, who is so stirred he must burst into print--as Franz Werfel did when he discovered Bernadette at Lourdes.

#### Pay Is Inadequate

Now, "Why aren't there more Catholic writers in the Catholic field?" Because the pay is inadequate. Because editors of Catholic magazines and newspapers cannot compete with their secular rivals--though there are exceptions, thank Heaven.

Outside of a few Catholic magazines, there is little attraction for professional writers.

Catholic Magazines are not designed, primarily, to make money. Yet, if they do not make money, they--like secular magazines--are bound to fail. If they are to make money they must be interesting. If they are to be interesting they must buy the best stories they can get. And to get them requires money. Good fat chunks of it.

Secular editors know that paying lots of money to certain writers is a profitable investment. Catholic editors, in the main, want to get stories and articles for as little as possible. They want charity. They are not making investments. They are "just getting out a magazine."

My idea of how these magazines come into being is this. The head of a certain order decides he must publish a monthly in honor of his founder, or some saint of the order, or Our Lady. He asks donation of friends to get the thing started. Then he appoints Brother X as editor--not because Brother X has any certain qualifications, but because he can be more easily spared from his religious duties than any other of the Brothers. Brother X spends hours in the chapel, and sends out a form letter, asking stories and articles. Manuscripts pour in, let us say. Brother X selects those he likes--

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# RESTORATION

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## Where Love Is, God Is

How difficult are our times. How bewildered most of us are. For life has become very complex. Gone are the days of simplicity, gone too the times when the world was stable. Today between two wars, the one just fought, and the other yet to come, whose shadow hangs over rich and poor, learned and unlearned, casting darkness wherever men's eyes fall, there is neither peace nor security, neither simplicity nor stability. Simple decisions are hard to make. A friend of ours, the father of a nice little family of six, wondered if forty-five miles away from the city where he lives now, one would be safe from an atomic bomb. Should he buy a house at that distance, or go further afield?

Natural life has become unbearably complex; and supernatural life, for which we have been created, makes HEROIC demands on the followers of Christ. Indeed this is the time of heroism. Ordinary virtue, practised well, has become heroic amidst the utter confusion of today's world. It is even hard to think let alone pray in the modern din of radio and movies. It is harder still to plod the Royal Road with all the distractions surrounding our days.

Yet men's hearts have never been hungrier for the Lord than they are today. The Lord and His truths. Nor have Catholics, ordinary average Catholics, ever had a greater role to play than in this twentieth century of ours. Notwithstanding the few powerful servants of the Prince of Darkness who shout loudly, with raised fists, that THERE IS NO GOD, men's eyes turn ever oftener to heaven. . . . Yes, this is the acceptable time to bring the LIVING WATERS OF TRUTH to the thirsty, and the BREAD OF LIFE to the hungry.

But to do so, we who in our sinful hands hold both, and through whom grace can come to our fellow beings, (if we do not let it lie fallow), we must be clear, sure, and ready. ARE WE? The verities of our faith are simple, as are all the things of God. He gave them to us Himself . . . to all of us . . . and learning is not the key to it, book learning that is, at least not alone. . . . LOVE is needed . . . much love, whose other name is CHARITY. . . . For where love is, God is . . . and where God is—there is hope, peace and happiness so hungered for by the multitudes in our days of despair, unrest, and sorrow.

BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT, FOR THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN . . . Thus taught the Lord. Thus too should we teach, thus should we live. For better than our words, our example will give answer to the many who ask.

To be poor in spirit does not mean to give up all things and embrace Holy Poverty with one swoop. Nor is this beatitude meant for priests and religious only. No. It is OUR beatitude. Yours and mine. All the layfolks. For it detaches our hearts from earthly possessions and places them into Christ's Sacred Heart. Oh, we can be very rich and be poor in spirit though that is not easy . . . It simply means that we understand well that we are but stewards of our earthly goods, and the Lord the owner thereof. That all the goods that are over and above our necessities (shelter, food, clothing, education, provisions against sickness and old age) belong to our brothers in need. BELONG TO THEM IN JUSTICE, NOT IN CHARITY.

Such worldly goods as are ours should help us to fulfil well the obligations of our state in life, and should be enjoyed fully and for the better service and glory of God. But should He take these away, we will neither miss them, nor pine for them, for our lives are rooted in the most Holy Will of God, and it alone, joyously we fulfill, it with a free and detached heart.

To be poor in spirit, detached, living according to God's will, means simply to be happy, at peace, and full of love and hope. A soul filled with these, is a lamp to the world's feet, leading all who come in touch with it directly to God. Of such is indeed the Kingdom of Heaven . . . and what is more, such people bring that Kingdom right down to earth, into our midst, making all things whole again . . . truly RESTORING ALL THINGS IN CHRIST.

LET US THEN MEDITATE DEEPLY ON THIS FIRST BEATITUDE . . . AND MEDITATING, LET US MAKE IT OUR OWN . . . IT IS THE FIRST STEP TO FREEDOM FROM SORROW, FEARS AND DEATH.

## CATHOLIC WRITERS

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or those he feels are better than most—and prints them.

Let Them Eat Thanks  
He works like twenty men. The magazine comes out. Everybody in the order is elated. Perhaps, Brother X is given a pat on the back, and confirmed in his job. He sends out a beautiful form letter to each of his contributors, thanking them sincerely for their work. But he neglects to put a check in the envelope. He hasn't got a check to enclose.

Result, a lot of writers are discouraged. They have put their hearts into their work. They have put into it, also, such skill as they possess. They have labored hard. I wonder if editors know that it is hard to write stories—that there is no harder work on earth than writing good fiction! They have spent anxious days, or weeks, waiting to hear how Brother X liked the job. And all they get is thanks!

### Talent Must Live

Someday Brother X may send out checks. Ten dollars here. Twelve dollars there. Five dollars for a poem—a long poem.

But he will never get out a better issue than the first one. He will attract the mediocre writer. He will have another mediocre magazine. The young men and women of talent—the writers who live to write and write to live—are working for editors with ampler budgets. And who can blame them?

A writer for the secular press can make as much as two or three hundred thousand dollars a year—if he be a good workman. The same man, writing exclusively for the Catholic press, would be lucky to make three thousand dollars.

I have no doubt that every Catholic writer in America, amateur or professional, will be vitally interested in the Literary Awards Foundation short story contest. It is sure to discover new talent. But, unless that talent—and all talent—is fostered by the Catholic press, it will have to turn to the secular press for a decent living. We need Catholic writers in both Catholic and secular press, especially skilled writers. But if a writer cannot have a career in the Catholic press, there is little use of sending him an invitation to become a Catholic writer. He cannot afford to accept it.

## HAIR CUTS UP A DIME?

By Walter Kontak

(Continued)

In September, 1946, I arrived at St. Francis Xavier. And I have not been disappointed.

### The Antigonish Movement

One need go no further than the very campus to see The Antigonish Movement in action. Here since 1938 is a Credit Union to serve the credit needs of the students. At the beginning of the year there are loans to buy books and supplies. At Christmas and Easter vacations there are loans to go home. For formal dances, and for trips with the teams, there are loans. At the end of the term there are summer loans for travelling to jobs, or for purchasing work clothes. The St. F. X. credit union is run entirely by the students who elect their own officers and committees.

In 1933 the St. F. X. Cooperative Society was founded, which today handles the books, soap, tobacco, newspapers, and other supplies for the students and the faculty. The students are solely responsible for operating it.

When the price of haircuts made a 10c jump last October, the students used the cooperative to solve the problem and provide a service. After negotiations failed to bring the price back to what they considered a fair one, a campus barber shop was set up to be run on cooperative principles.

Shares were sold to the students and faculty. A barber was brought in and guaranteed a good annual wage. A modern shop was installed. It is meant to be the neatest and cleanest in Nova Scotia.

The influence of St. F. X. has reached beyond the campus. All over the three Maritime provinces are peoples' organizations inspired by the workers of the Extension Department. The United Maritime Fishermen is a central marketing and purchasing agent for the 40 local cooperative fishermen's or-

## To Be or Not to Be

Being is more important than doing. It is wrong to think that in order to do great things for the human family you must be endlessly occupied with external activity, with LES OEUVRES, that you must be able to point to the arresting visible changes in the face of things, the institutions, the buildings, the movements, that owe their origins to you. The saints often have these things to their credit; but they achieve them almost, as it were, in spite of themselves, certainly rather as an inevitable result and expression of what they ARE than as a studied programme.

Gerald Vann, O.P.  
in The Divine Pity



ganizations. News of its work has reached as far as Florida.

### Credit Unions Grow

The Nova Scotia Credit Union League is the central organization for the 220 Credit Unions of the province. In the local C. U. the individual can take care of his normal saving and loan needs and also his insurance. The C.U.L. services his local C. U. and provides him with long term mortgages at low interest rates.

The Nova Scotia Cooperative Union has 110 members. The Co-operative Union services the local Cooperative, carries on a provincial education program, and trains personnel for the local societies. It is a watchdog for all legislation that might be injurious to the Cooperative Movement; and it promotes beneficial legislation.

In the industrial areas of Cape Breton, a member of the Extension Staff is conducting labor classes for urban workers. The purpose is to train miners and steelworkers in the complexities of present day production and distribution, so they will be able to give unions sound leadership, and feel strong when they sit down with management to bargain.

By going out to the people through all these various methods—Cooperatives, Credit Unions, and Labor Classes—St. F. X. has helped change the industrial areas of Cape Breton from a hot bed of Communism.

All this work and these organizations mean more than just figures, inventories, and buildings. They mean returning ownership, and thereby control over their destinies, to the people. Through the further development of co-operative and individual ownership, enough wealth will be channelled back to the people to permit them sufficient leisure to reach the spiritual and cultural heights God has intended for them.

These effects have not happened suddenly. The way has been prepared by long years of contact with the people and unselfish service. The imprints of such men as Dr. J. J. Tompkins, Dr. Hugh MacPherson, and Dr. Coady are deep in St. F. X., so deep that she cannot help but teach the sound Christian social doctrine that she does.

## The B's Corner

We are almost organized. One more issue and you will be getting your RESTORATION on time . . . just like that . . . For though we have things under control now and the printer is all and more than a printer should be, there still was in January the little matter of six weeks on the road—a mere ten thousand mile lecture trip! That is all. So the January issue was literally written and proof-read "ON THE ROAD," and February's will be a wee bit late because I only came back the tenth of this month. . . . BUT FROM NOW ON, SO HELP US . . .

Coming home was wonderful. But more wonderful still was the mound of letters that was waiting for me. It is gratifying to find out that our little paper is welcomed so warmly, by so many . . . but we still are a few hundred short of the thousand subscriptions we hoped for before April first. Did you say you will interest a friend in subscribing to RESTORATION? Good. The more the happier.

So you agree with me about the home beginning really when a man and a woman fall in love with one another, really truly. And that it is good to have that love blessed and pledged officially before Him. Yes, and the Church has a special and beautiful ceremony for that occasion, the Solemn Betrothal. If you are thinking of getting married, ask your parish priest about it. You will be glad you did. Then, having received this added blessing of God on your shining new love, take a pre-marital course. Sounds strange? Perhaps. But today there is a growing movement within the Church. It is called the Cana Movement and is divided into two parts. The first, the pre-Cana one, deals with engaged couples; the second, the Cana proper, deals with those married.

The pre-Cana movement has a wonderful pre-marital course that teaches engaged couples the wonders, beauty, and holiness of their vocation to married life. If you are interested, inquire of your pastor. If he has the course in his parish take it. If not, you can get it by mail. Write to Rev. Fr. F. McTernan, St. Andrew's, 125 Broadway, Bayonne, New Jersey. The Cana movement carries on where the first left off, instructing married people about their new duties to one another, God, their children and society. It also arranges yearly retreats where husband and wife can be together, and their children taken care of by volunteer workers. Truly it is wonderful how motherly Mother Church really is!

This issue will reach you in Lent. Lent, and the restoration of the world to Christ, go together. For to restore, make whole, all things to Him who died on the Cross, is to be begin at the beginning. And the beginning is prayer. Daily Mass is the best prayer of all.

But it is also the time of penance . . . and penance is a powerful means to temper the justice of God and release His mercy on a world that stands so much in need of it. Our Lady of Fatima begs for both PRAYER AND PENANCE. Perhaps some of us who are in good health would like to abstain on Saturday,

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# COMBERMERE

By Catherine Doherty

Lecture tours are wonderful. First because one meets a lot of really truly wonderful people, then there is the travelling itself which gives the feel of both time and temper of the nation, and last but not least there is so much to learn about other apostolates.

So it was with great anticipation that Eddie and I set out, January sixth on our current lecture tour of ten thousand miles. There was, of course, the matter of money. As we live in Holy Poverty, it is at times difficult to figure out if the cash on hand will last us to our primary destination, but we took a chance, for the Holy Ghost always provides, and He did. True we only had about a dollar and some cents when we reached Chicago, but that was OK, for the family loaned us the fare to Kansas City and from there money started coming in. That is one of the reasons for our lecturing, to keep the apostolate of Friendship House in Combermere, as well as our bodies and souls going.

It would take a book to encompass all the wonderful people, works and things we saw. I mentioned some briefly in Friendship House News, but a few deserve very special mention, because they are doing great things for God. There is Robert Dolan, for instance, a former G.I., with

a wife and two lovely children. I strongly recommend all interested in the Lay Apostolate writing to Bob, 7742 Antioch, Overland Park, Kansas. He has a group of young people who are doing things and going places. They are interested in Catholic Arts, in the restoration of the Catholic home, in Catholic Lectures, in Catholic Libraries. Bob started a library in the place he works, an idea others can emulate. The whole group is planning workshops in many directions, especially in literature and drama.

Yes, they are small, but their foundation is BIG. It rests on liturgy and prayer life, on seeking truth through knowledge and study . . . and already they have made themselves felt through the whole diocese of Kansas City, Mo. Numbers are not important. Sincerity, and the love of God and neighbor, are. They have these.

Mrs. Theodore Nunn, 1435 Stanton Ave., Zanesville, Ohio, is another shining light in the Lay Apostolate. She and her group of women and men, are really ready for big things. They have been preparing themselves through prayer and study. Just like Bob's, their aim is the social apostolate of the Church. Why not write to Mrs. Nunn too, if you have a group and get together, for in unity

there is strength, and His Holiness encourages so much the formation of groups like these, which leaven their environment from within.

Mrs. Edward Kilpatrick of 5225 11th Rd., North Arlington, Va., and Miss Frances Appich of 5214 12th Street, North Arlington, are two others who can teach many how to start study clubs, help in the parish, restore the family to Christ . . . And last, but by no means least, there is Patrick Crowley of 2304 Elwood Ave., Wilmette, Ill., who with his charming wife changed his neighborhood into a Christocentric one, and introduced the Cana movements as well as the Cell technique into the lives of a hard-to-reach group, the well-to-do. He is a top-notch lecturer, good for men's clubs and for mixed audiences. Once heard never forgotten. He really means what he says, and says it beautifully.

I am sure there are many other Catholic groups that are doing wonderful work, but I have not yet had the joy of meeting them. But these are enough to show me that there really is a Catholic renaissance going on in the U.S.A., and that it should cross the border and come to Canada. All these wonderful folks are always glad and ready to help anyone interested to start their groups. Why not write now and find out how?

Yes lecturing is fun. But the best part of it is coming home, which I did so gladly

three days ago. You should have seen Madonna House, as I saw it when I returned! Letters were overflowing my desk. Parcels filled the whole big sewing room. And Eddie who batched here for three weeks just does not know what to do with dirty dishes and mops and pans . . . SO . . . I went to work. And still am trying to bring order out of chaos. But I don't mind. It is good to be back. Good to see the neighbours . . . who are glad to see me too. As soon as things get straightened out, I will start on the handicraft center, and get the adult library going. We are planning a shindig for St. Patrick's Day too.

Flewy is on her vacation, and we miss her. But we have

a new recruit in the person of a charming young man from Utica, N.Y., Peter Karl, who is a grand help with many of the outdoor chores. Yes it is good to be back, in our little portion of the Lord's Vineyard.

Thank you one, and thank you all, once more, for all the gifts, parcels, clothing and books you have sent us. We still need books and clothing badly. And if you do not get an answer to your letter right away, please forgive me. It takes time to bring order, time to cook three meals, clean house, bake bread, write articles, and publish a paper . . . But each letter will be answered, never fear . . . in a little while.

## The Sleeping Nobleness

This editorial was lifted, with the permission of the Editor, from the Dec. 5th, 1947, issue of the Eganville, Ont., Leader. It is the work of Joseph Lester Rutledge.

We do not know Mr. Rutledge, but we would like to. We intended to make it a rule never to copy the editorial in another paper. But this one was so exceptionally good we deliberately broke the rule.

An inconspicuous news item tucked away among columns of learned speculation on world affairs, somehow reminded us of an incident we had read some years ago in a southern newspaper. Both suggested an absurdly simple answer for some phases of our most pressing problems, whether foreign or domestic.

A few days ago an inmate of the Connecticut State Prison was taken seriously ill. When the best resources of the prison failed to help him, he was rushed to the Hartford Hospital where massive transfusions of over 18 pints of blood were given him. Now hospitals require that their blood-banks be kept constant. But this man had no friends. When the news of what had happened filtered in over the prison grapevine, twenty rather shame-faced enemies of society approached the warden with the word that they would like to restore the bank. They gave not only the 18 pints

in words which leave us breathless with amazement:

### Be Ye Perfect

"You have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say to you not to resist evil; but if one strike thee on thy right cheek, turn to him also the other; and if a man will contend with thee in judgment, and take away thy coat, let go thy cloak also unto him. And whosoever will force thee one mile, go with him the other two. Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not away. You have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say to you, Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you; and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you; that you may be the children of your Father who is in heaven, who maketh the sun to rise upon the good and bad, and raineth upon the just and unjust. For if you love them that love you, what reward shall you have? Do not even the publicans do this? And if you salute your brethren only, what do you more? Do not also the heathens this? Be you therefore perfect as also your heavenly Father is perfect." (Mt. 5; 38-48.)

required, but much more. They could use it, the prisoners said, for patients of the State Cancer project.

In the somewhat hysterical discussion over the upsurge in serious crime, this might be kept in mind. It is not an answer but perhaps it is part of an answer. Judge Camille Kelly, who presides over the Juvenile Court in Louisville, once stated: "I can do more with a delinquent girl by giving her a new dress, than by preaching all the sermons in the world."

If our memory serves, it was this same Judge Kelly who appeared in the earlier item we mentioned. It was a grim sleepy morning. Judge Kelly was leaving her home as a heavy-set man accosted her. He told her the old story about needing a cup of coffee. She didn't think much of such appeals. There were so many stories in her day that had the same false plausibility. But the pallor in the man's face stopped her as she was about to turn away. What she did was on a sudden impulse, half impatience, half desire to get a problem out of the way and to get on with the day's work.

"I live here," she said. "In the refrigerator there's what's left of a pork roast and potatoes. Here's the key. Help yourself. Put the key under the mat on the porch." She hurried away.

You can be an altruist and also a bit of a skeptic. All the way down in the bus she was telling herself that she was a prize fool. How often had she warned people against leaving keys under mats? But giving someone the key. She had a flitting thought of sending the police to look things over. Thought better of it. You don't have to announce from the rooftops that you've been a fool.

She returned home that night with excitement stirring in her. The key was under the mat, just as she had said. But when she opened the door and switched on the light, she stopped a moment, startled. The house that she remembered had shown signs of a hurried departure was tidy and swept and dusted, and the street lights shone through windows that sparkled like diamonds. She went curiously to the refrigerator and looked with interest at the sadly reduced roast. The refrigerator was novel in its spotlessness. On its top in plain view was a note scrawled in an unformed hand. "Dear Miss," it said. "I was paroled a few days ago, and it's been pretty tough since. Nobody believes that you'd want to go straight. But I've got what it takes now. The pork was swell. Thanks."

There's not much use in hunting around for a moral. Anyway, James Russel Lowell wrote it many years ago: "Be noble; and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping but never dead, will rise in majesty to meet thine own."—Joseph Lester Rutledge.

## Catholic Extremism

by Paul Honly Furley

(Continued)

The moderate Catholic boasts of his realism. But the extreme Catholic position is not less realistic, for it recognizes as a fundamentally important fact the existence among men of a malign force which is called in New Testament language the world. To understand the extreme Catholic position it is quite necessary to realize the implications of this important concept.

The word world is used with various meanings in the New Testament. Sometimes it means the physical universe. Sometimes it means all humanity. But in the special sense which we are now discussing, it is used to denote the totality of all those human beings who refuse to accept the doctrine of Christ as a rule of life.

The world, in this sense, is then, first of all a collection of individual human beings. But it is more than this. These individuals are welded by a certain cooperation into an effective unity. As a result we are justified in speaking of the world in the singular number.

What gives the world this unity of action against the Gospel? The New Testament seems to give a very definite answer to this question—and the answer is a most surprising one. For the sinister unity of the world is attributed quite clearly to Satan. He is repeatedly called "the ruler of the world." It is Satan, therefore, who furnishes the singleness of purpose which makes it possible for the world to unite against God and against His Christ.

We must bear in mind that the world is not to be identified with the state nor with existing economic and military forces; for all these things have a legitimate reason for existing. There have been powerful rulers, rich men, and soldiers who became saints.

## Bishop Lauds "Restoration"

January 10th, 1948.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Doherty, Combermere, Ontario.

Dear Mr. And Mrs. Doherty:-

I have perused the first number of "RESTORATION," and I offer you my congratulations and my Blessing, that the mustard seed you are planting in Combermere may grow up into a great and flourishing tree. Never before in the history of mankind has there been so urgent a necessity for the restoration of peace and love among people of goodwill as is called for today in this stricken and bleeding world, in order that the fruits of God's justice may become a reality.

I recommend without hesitation to the Clergy, Religious Communities and the Faithful of Pembroke Diocese your timely publication, and I pray the Holy Spirit to guide your pen, in placing before our Christian people here and elsewhere the true social and economic principles upon which rests the Brotherhood of man, under the Fatherhood of God.

With every kind wish and blessing for 1948,

Yours faithfully in Christ,

✠ WILLIAM J. SMITH,  
Bishop of Pembroke.

Nevertheless there is a sort of natural law by which the most worldly men gravitate to positions of power. Certainly an avaricious man is more likely to become rich than is a man poor in spirit. Certainly an ambitious man is more likely to become a successful politician than is a humble man.

The Church Is Persecuted  
Thus it comes about that although the world in the New Testament sense is not identical with wealth and power, it usually happens that the rich and powerful are worldly men. It is for this reason that the Church has so constantly been persecuted by the civil authority from the first persecution in Jerusalem to present-day persecutions in Russia, Mexico, or Germany. This is such a normal thing that Our Lord warned us that general approbation was a sign of internal weakness, "Woe to you when men shall bless you; for according to these things did their fathers to

the false prophets."

In sharp contrast to the world with its utilitarian morality, Christ taught a supernatural rule of life. He summarized this rule of life under the double precept of love for God and love for neighbor. The second part of this precept, namely the obligation of charity, forms a complete and perfect social philosophy.

The duty of the citizen is summed up with entire adequacy in this simple commandment. But although the language of the precept is simple, we are unwilling to learn its mystery. For when Christ taught us to love, He held up to us an ideal so high, so unworldly, so heroic, that the highest ideals of merely human wisdom appear cheap and shoddy by comparison. He taught a wild intensity of love. He taught a love that should be utterly selfless, that should overstep all barriers of race and social class and human relationship. He preached this love



## WE'RE AFRAID TO

(Continued from Page One)  
in the shapes of "Don't"? Or so constricted with the fear and human prudence of the editors that the truth is buried too deep for ordinary men to see?

## Accentuate the Positive

John Doe and his wife have many problems of their own. Wages and the cost of living. Job security in an insecure world. Growing family. Lack of housing. Big and small, all those problems cry for an answer. The Catholic Press, loudly and still with a negative accent, speaks of the evils of divorce, birth control, etc. And so it should; for heinous and grievous are these tragic sins of society.

But while denouncing them, is the Catholic Press also speaking of the constructive social program available to John and his wife? It is made clear to them that there are maternity guilds and credit unions that will make the question of another baby easier, and solve the economic strain of a new birth. That there are many Labour Schools under Catholic auspices open to John, where he can learn how to fight cleanly and justly for that job security which is his heritage? Is it made plain to them, and through them to millions who are their neighbors, that we have a glorious solution for almost every modern economical and political problem? That there are back-to-the-land movements that may set his family and him free, giving them space to live and grow?

... that cooperatives in many forms stand ready to help them? And is this good news given to them week after week in all shapes and forms possible and imaginable to the creative writers, in a language as simple, as homey, as they themselves speak? Or are they given trivia? Such as Sister X's anniversary? His Excellency's latest visit to the Seminary? His Reverence's golden jubilee? And the editorials... do they speak in a language John and his wife can understand without the help of a dictionary?

Friends... if you were a worker in a factory where at every noon hour Communists and unbelievers snowed you under with their falsehoods, wrapped in the cellophane of seeming truth, spoken or written in the language of the street, what diocesan paper or Catholic magazine would you call on for help? Tell me.

The Catholic Press in America worries about its circulation. Yet the best seller of the world is still the Bible... which includes the New Testament. St. Anthony's medals are being given as premiums to subscribers. Circulation managers get together to discuss, if dress patterns or luminous crucifixes that shine in the dark are a greater lure to subscribers if given free with each subscription! LORD, HAVE MERCY ON US!

We are whistling in the dark. For each one knows within his own soul that this is arrant nonsense. That if we spoke the words of Christ as He did—without fear of consequences there would be not enough paper to print enough copies for all the hungry minds and hands that would reach out for them!

Editorials written before the Blessed Sacrament, articles written with words of fire that come straight from our hearts, aflame themselves with the fire of the love of God and neighbour, would "sell" the TRUTH AND ITS FULNESS not only in the USA but the world over, fan hope in the hopeless, bring millions back to their Father's House, and route out all the "isms" which would die of their own emptiness...

Let us give the world Christ. The One on Tabor, as well as on the Cross. The One in the Manger as well as the One chasing money-lenders from the Temple... Let us point out the mote in our neighbour's eye, but not forget the beam in ours. Let us speak

## THE B's CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

Her Saturday. It is such a little thing to do... and it will mean so much. Why not try it? Half the world has to, because it has no food. How about us... who have so much?

Dear H.K. — You wonder how it is possible to have many children in our modern apartments. You say one cannot have order or peace with so many in such a small space; and because of that, you want to just have one or two. Yes it is hard to bring up a family in close quarters... but so was the wood of the Cross... HARD... And lack of space could never be a reason for breaking God's greatest commandment... Also, order can be maintained everywhere, where there is love, and love's acolyte, discipline.

Don't limit your family. You might live to have none. And God's blessing will not be upon you. Have it, and plan and pray to get out of apartment-living and to get a toe-hold on the land, close enough to the city for your husband to go to work, and far enough away for the children to lead a normal life. It can be done. Others have done it. Why not you?

Meditations  
Five Acre

By Eddie Doherty

February — and the mercury still goes to thirty below every night. Or lower. Maybe it is digging down to that ground hog we read about. The one who got frightened of his shadow, and dealt us six weeks more of winter.

The pipes freeze and thaw, freeze and thaw.

But the sun comes up in glory after the long cold night, and the mercury climbs at amazing speed. Sometimes twenty degrees in less than an hour. By noon it will have passed the freezing mark—and a man can go out to the wood pile and carry in all the fuel he needs for the grate and the range, without bothering to put on heavy gloves.

Still, children walk to school in the early morning, when it is twenty below. Some trudge miles over the frozen roads. There is a boy who travels four miles to this house every so often, just to borrow a book. He doesn't mind the walk. To get a book he would go twice the distance.

They tell a story about the Truth and take the consequences.

LET US SET THE TRUTH FREE. STOP SWATHING IT IN A THOUSAND GARNIMENTS. WE DO NOT NEED ST. ANTHONY'S MEDALS... NOR GLOWING CRUCIFIXES, AS PREMIUMS TO SELL THE WORDS OF TRUTH... THEY WILL SELL THEMSELVES—IF ONLY WE PRINT THEM!

Abraham Lincoln when he was a boy—that he hiked sixteen miles or so to return a book he had borrowed, and to get a new one.

Perhaps this boy, so fond of reading, may have something of the greatness of Lincoln in him. Certainly he has Lincoln's fierce desire to educate himself.

"Gee!" he said, when he first eyed the children's library in Madonna House. "Gee! Books! Gee!"

I do not say he is typical of the children in and about this wonderful frozen country. But he does typify the spirit that animates the people here. An unconquerable spirit. Fierce cold does not numb it, nor hard work weary it; nor does the simplicity of the life they lead tarnish its splendor.

## Life and Death

One of the pioneer women died the other day. She was Mrs. Josephine Lepinski. She didn't know her exact age. She may have been 97. She may have been a hundred. She may have been older.

She was the mother of fourteen children, all but one of them living. The oldest is 79. She had seen her children's children to the fifth generation. More than two hundred of her descendants survive her.

She was buried on a Saturday morning. The casket was brought to the little white church in the pines, riding on the rough boards of a logging sled. The mourners came on other sleds. It was an extremely cold morning, and there was a wind that went through a man. There was too much snow on the hill roads for any automobile to get through. The mourners had to come by sled.

The priest spoke eloquently of the dead woman, after Mass. And he spoke briefly, because the church was cold, though a fire was burning in the basement. The casket was borne out, carried to the graveyard a few yards from the church, and placed in the open grave. Priests and acolytes donned galoshes, or rubber boots, overcoats, and warm hats, before venturing out of the church.

The service at the grave was brief, but thorough. There were no flowers. There were no tears, save those jerked out by the wind. A pioneer had gone to rest in the soil beside the church. She had lived a full life. She was at peace.

A few nights later I talked to one of her grandsons.

"You're just in time," he greeted me. "We were just going to say the Rosary, and put the children to bed."

## Lamplight and Beads

There were six children, the youngest not yet a year old.

Father, mother, and five children knelt on the bare floor in the dining room, propped against chairs. The oldest child began with the Apostles' Creed, all the rest joining in at the proper place, and carried through the first decade.

Then the next oldest said the Pater and the Aves; and, after him, the oldest girl.

A boy who had learned to talk only a few years ago said the fourth decade aloud—stumbling a little now and then, and now and then eliding a syllable. But do you think anybody minded that? Do you think Our Lady minded?

During this decade the baby pulled the portable radio down from the table, and managed to fall under it. He lay very still. One of his brothers picked him up, and put the radio back where it belonged. The boy who was praying didn't seem to notice the incident. The baby didn't cry.

The mother finished the last decade; and then the father said the Litany of the Blessed Virgin, without a book. He had said it so often—undoubtedly every night for years—that he knew it by heart. He finished the evening's devotions with prayers for the dead, "those we loved so much, who have been taken from us through Thy holy will."

## They Stay Together

This family never heard of Father Patrick Peyton, the Irish priest who coined the phrase "The family that prays together stays together," and broadcasts it from Hollywood every week. But they know the truth of it. They learned it from their grandma.

This is the spirit that dwells in the people in and around Combermere — the spirit of real Catholicism. Births, marriages, deaths, terrific cold, flood, continued rains, unseasonable heat, hardships, sorrows, joys, privations—God sends them all. The will of God be done.

Thirty below every night, and pipes freeze, and pumps freeze, and wells freeze, and wood left out in the open gets covered with snow and caked with ice, so it is difficult to burn. New paths must be dug through the snow. Roads are impassable in spots even for horses. But men work in the bush, cutting logs. And a boy comes walking four miles for another book; and dozens of little children come with their elders from miles around for Mass and Communion on First Fridays.

What can conquer people like these?

## ON THE CREDIT SIDE

(Continued from Page One)

which the essentials come. Since nearly all things necessary for human life spring from the soil, only those who

labor on their own land have dominion over the ingredients of happiness.

Having had a view of the other side of the picture, they both know that nearly all others not close to the soil are dealing in a second-hand store, when it comes to purchasing or acquiring happiness. Many are making a living in other ways than farming, but they have a difficult struggle and reach their objective only after much delay and trial. Such people are not free, are not masters of their own destiny.

## Home Sweet Home

The young folks want a home of their own on the land, where they can begin to work together, close to God. There are so few young couples who dare entertain a similar desire.

To use a modern expression: Isn't that just too, too divine! So Utopian! So idealistic! (I mean the above picture) Yes. It represents a very small section of rural life, an isolated case perhaps, an exception to the usual thing today.

There was a day when our little picture would fit into the scheme of things admirably. That was the day of our ancestors, the pioneers of this land, who brought religion into every phase of their lives, followed the lead of the Church and refused to sacrifice justice and charity for individual or personal gain. But a wave of barbarism similar to that which swept Europe several centuries ago, rolled over the world. Respect for authority and the Ten Commandments was crushed, over a wide area. The mentality of the barbarian ruled the day and thus social justice became a thing of ridicule—a laugh.

As time went on, many of our Christians were carried away to the captivity of this savage barbarism. They absorbed the selfishness of the atmosphere around them. They drank at tainted fountains. They ate the leavings of the vulture who circumvented them. The same stench emanated from their everyday actions... The nations emerged with the savagery that prevails in our present-day society and economy.

## Christians? Maybe

Getting close to home, have you noticed how some Christians immediately get their temper up when the least restraint is put upon their transactions? They consider that interference in their personal affairs.

Ask for a donation for a worthy cause. Ask for a loan and offer sound collateral... The answer is: "Don't bother me. I am going to hold on to what I have. I worked hard for it." These self-made wart-hogs are nothing short of barbarian individualists.

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